#### Augel Footfalls.

While the breeze of early autumn Drifts across my window ledge, And the silver moon of harvest Glimmers through the forest's edge; While the undertone of nature Hings of days that are no more when I hear soft baby footsteps Patter on my chamber floor.

the strife of early manho When the world seemed hard and stern When the bitter daily struggle Made my heart with anger burn; When my back was stooped with toiling, And my hand and heart were sore, God sent music with their footsteps, Baby footsteps on my floor.

Where the grass beyond the doorstone Trampled down by baby feet, Make at least a narrow pathway Until path and highway meet, One by one I lost their footfalls Mingled in the highway's roar; So I hear to-night but echoes From my silent chamber floor.

Other baby feet that pattered In our cottage to and fro, Never found the dusty highway, Never toiled through pain or woe; But the white-robed forms of mercy Led them through the unseen door Still in dreams their velvet footfalls Visit now my chamber floor.

I am gazing from my window At the rising barvest moon, Dreaming out an old man's fancies Of a harvest coming soon, When the listening and longing And the watching shall be o'er, May my homeward-toiling children Find the waiting open door.

## E HOME OF TWO WIDOWS.

A writer in Lipincotts' Magazine tills the story related by Eustache, the ostillion, to a party who was visiting Belle-esle, near the coast of Brittany. He said

"Five years ago Hubert Pichet married Francoise Albert. They were neither of them very young, for Hubert was at least 30, and Francoise was nearly as old. But it was quite a suitable marriage; they had always lived in the parish of Bangor, and had known each other quite well since they were children. Hubert had been a lobster-fisherman since he was a boy. and had saved a good deal of money to marry upon, for he was not like some men that perhaps monsieur has seen who never can lay by a franc. He had a brother who was a year or two older than I was at that time (I am 23 now.) and he had asked Jeannette Lanfranc of Port Phillippe to marry him. Others, it may be, had asked her similar questions, but Christopher Pichet was the one she preferred above all others.

"Was she pretty?" Rollie interposes "Monsieur, she was then, and is still the most beautiful girl in Belleisle-en-Mer;" and the gloam in the young man's eyes tells us more than his lips.

"Christopher and Jeanette," he continues, "were to have been married six months after Hubert, but not long before the wedding day the two brothers went off on a fishing trip, to be gone two days. But the two men never came back;" and Eustache's handsome face is quite sad as he says this. "A dreadful storm came up and the vessel of her were picked up by a foreign steamer, but Hubert and Christopher ce, supporting themselves by knitting and such work, which they sell at Palais on market day. As Francoise was really a widow and Jean-The Home of the Two Widows.

him if he knows the two widows. "But yes, monsieur, I know them

see if I can do any little thing for them. | bable, he departs, looking much moiselle must know," he resumes, "I are her to marry him. I think she has always liked me, but not in the way I wished. But it is so long since Chrisferently toward me now, and it is very lonely for her here, with only Francoise for company. I am not quite poor, monsieur. I have some money, might live very comfortably in Pal-But last month, when I said this to her, she said she could not leave Francoise, and Francoise said when she herself came here that she should stay here always."

"Could you not persuade Francoise would not be well for her to live in herthis lonely spot entirely by self, but if she would go and make her home with you and Jeannette in Palais, do you not think Jeannette would consent to marry you?"

A pleasant light comes into the young fellow's eyes. "Perhaps, mademoiselle," he says hopefully; and then we all get into the carriage. Our road leads us by the cottage, and as we approach it a beautiful girl, to whom Eustache lifts his hat, appears at the

"That is Jeannette," he tells us a little proudly. "If the young monsieur," he says with evident embarrassment. "would kindly consent to drive for a

short distance along the road, and then dining room, Monsieur Paradol says return, I could stop for a few moments entreatingly, "Will mademoiselle and at the cottage. Who could refuse a lover this little equest? Rollie cannot, at all events, ind he willingly takes the reins. Eus-

ache thanks him very gratefully nd, leaving the carriage, is soon walkag up the little path that leads to the ottage door. A short distance further on we notice the entrance to a beautiful valley which seems to extend across the island, and turning up this we find our route so charming that nearly an hour elapses before we return to the cottage. As we come in sight of it again we see Eustache waiting for us and looking very happy.
"Has she consented?" Rollie ques-

"But yes, monsieur," the happy felresponds; "it is all settled. Fransays that if Jeanette wishes to me she will come and live with Palais: so Jeanette says she will me, good-for-nothing fellow that And it will be very soon," he

as he takes the reins. ow soon?" we both ask.

young monsieur could come to the wedding we should feel very much honored, Jeanette and I."

"We could come over from Auray again," my nephew suggests eagerly.

If "I do not know that I care to undertake the journey again," I answer "but you certainly might if it would give Eustache any pleasure."
"All right, Aunt Sue!" and as the

invitation is accepted on his part, Eustache looks, if possible, more happy than before. The young Frenchman tells us all about himself and Jeanette on the

homeward drive, and we cannot help becoming exceedingly interested in himself and his fortunes.
"He is a better fellow even," Rollie says to me on our return, "than Jean

Renaud, whose wedding we attended at Quimper, you remember.' "You think so because he is nearer your own age, I imagine, Roland." The next day, when I propose leav-ing for Auray, our good landlord's face

is the picture of dismay, "Leave Belle-isle-en-Mer without having enjoyed the bathing! Mademoiselle must be joking. Is she not aware that people come from all parts of France for the bathing? And she will go away without even thinking of it!"

Monsieur Paradol has unconsciously raised his voice with each sentence and the last one is almost a shriek. It is hard not to laugh, the little man is so very dramatic in his manner and gestures. I hesitate, and Monsieur Paradol sees that I do. From that moment I am lost. And my nephew only aids and abets our voluble landlord by suggesting that as I am fond of bathing I might as well stay here and enjoy it until after Eustache's wedding, and If anything is wanted from Auray we can send for it by the

boat. "And the month that we were to be at Auray?" I say to him. But I submit to my nephew, as I have done all along in the course of our travels in Brittany, and consent to remain in Belleisle. Monsieur Paradol is delighted; his little gray-green eyes gleam

with pleasure.

"Mademoiselle and the young monsieur shall not repent their decision," he assures us with much unction as he leaves us, bowing low; and the dinner that he sets before us that day is one to be affectionately remembered. There are but few guests at Monsieur Paradol's establishment, and his wish to retain us as long as possible is quite natural. Still, I am bound to say that he appears strictly honest, and our hotel bill is perfectly reasonable in its charges.

A few more days go by very pleas antly. There is the bathing so much extolled by our landlord, and the drives and the walk to occupy our time, and the evenings Rollie improves by writing long letters to school friends in America

But worthy Monsieur Paradol has evidently an uneasy feeling lest time should hang heavy on our hands, and one evening he appears at our open door with a tray full of books, which was wrecked. The other men on board he deposits on a chair before speaking. "It is but to-day that I said to myself," says the little man retrospectively as were washed ashore next day at the he smiles graciously at us, "that it foot of the cliffs here below us. Ah, might be that even with the bathing mademoiselle, that was a sorrowful mademoiselle and the young monsieur day for the two poor women! It was might weary of our Belleisle-en-Mer long before they could be consoled, but and wish to leave. I am distracted after a time Francoise bought this little cottage that you see, and invited shall I do?' Alas! I can think of Jeanette, who was an orphan, to live nothing; I am miserable. I say to my with her, so they could always be near sister, 'The Americans have seen everythe spot where the two brothers were thing on the island; there is nothing found. They have lived in the cot- but the bathing left, and it may be they will not care to stay for that 'Then my sister says, 'Auguste, you can take them your books;' and here mademoiselle will observe that I have nette was so soon to be married, the place where they live is always called not many, but if"—and he includes us both in a gracious bow and wave of Eustache pauses here, but looks as the hand-"but if you will will condeif he had more to say; so Rollie asks scend to read them, they will occupy the time."

I thank Monsieur Paradol for his atwell. Jeannette is a distant cousin of tention, and assuring him that we inmine, and I frequently visit them to tend to remain a week longer it is prosuggested to monsieur the driving he has brought—volumes left behind here to-day." And Eustache blushes It was partly to see Jeannette that I lieved. It is a miscellaneous collection just a little. "If monsieur and made-moiselle must know," he resumes, "I are represented. Chateaubriand's have loved Jeannette for many years, "Atala" is the first book I took up, even before Christopher Pichet asked then a volume of Alfred de Musset, and next a paper-covered copy of the

"Conscript. "If it should rain to-morrow," I say topher died that I think she feels dif- to Rollie, "we could pass the day very comfortably with Monsieur Paradol's books."

The morrow, however, proves to be bright and sunny, and my nephew and and if Jeannette would marry me we I go out for a walk towards the city walls, intending after dinner to have Enstache drive us out to the Bangor lighthouse, which we were to have visited the day we went to the Roman camp, but forgot about it till too late in the day. Our walk about the town and its massive walls absorbs most of to change her mind;" I suggest. "It the morning, as we proceed quite leisurely, talking meanwhile first of the walls and Vauban their builder, and then of our pleasant French driver and his approaching marriage.

"I am going to Auray to-morrow, Rollie says, "to purchase something for a wedding present for him; that is if you do not mind me leaving you for a day, Aunt Sue," he adds.

We see no one about the passage or the court yard as we enter the hotel on our return, but when we appear at dinner, two hours later, Monsieur Paradol greets us with a very grave grace. He says but little, however, and we are left to wonder what has come over our usually vivacious landlord till after the dessert, when, as we are leaving the monsieur stay but for a moment? I have something to say." As we pause to listen to him he continues, addressing me: "Ah, mademoiselle, it is as if a son of my own were taken away. Only this morning I said to my sister, 'When Eustache marries Jeannette Lafranc I will give him 800 francs and I will have him to take my place at dinner;' and now, mademoiselle, it will never be. Eustache Frentin is

on Monsieur Paradol's red cheel "Dead?" I exclaimed in painful surprise. "How did it happen? "Dead?" cries Rollie, his lip quiver ing. "Oh, it cannot be! Monsieur Paradol, you cannot mean it! Why he was looking forward to taking us to Bangor this afternoon, and he took off his cap to us with such a pleasant

gone; he is dead;" and a tear glistens

smile as he drove off with those people from Vannes early this morning. "But yes, Monsieur, it is all true. The two ladies from Vannes wanted him to drive to the cliffs near the ow soon?" we both ask. two weeks," Eustache answers camps of the Romans; and as one of them took off her glove to pick some lly : "and if mademoiselle and the flowers near the edge her ring came off printing" a kiss

with it, and both rolled over the edge and lodged in a little hollow a few feet down. Eustache was always so polite—

mademoiselle must know that-and he said that he would climb down and get them. The ladies said that it was too dangerous and that he must not, but Eustache said it could be very easily done. And so, Mademoiselle, it could have been on some days, for I know the place, and when a boy I used often to climb down a little way to gather a beautiful grass that grew there and nowhere else; but this time a strong wind must have been blowing toward the land and have sent the higher up than usual, for the ladies said the rocks looked very wet and slippery. Mademoiselle sees how it must have been with poor Eustache Right before their eyes he lost his hold and fell into the sea. 'Jeannette! Jeannette! they heard him cry as he fell, and then they heard only the noise

of the waves." Monsieur Pardol pauses just here much agitated, but in a moment he recovers himself and continues his sad story, "There was no way to help poor Eustache; there was no men or at hand; and so the ladies drove back and sent the first men they could find to look for the body of mon pauvre Eustache. Then they came and told me. Ah, mademoiselle, I am an old man and I have seen much trouble but to-day is the saddest of all my life. Eustache was like a son to me, and when he was but a boy I brought him here;" and the good man's voice trem-

My own eyes are fast filling with tears, and as for Rollie, he has gone to his room, unable to hear more.

"Mademoiselle will pardon me telling her what is only my own sad affair, but when I was a young fellow like Eustache I loved his mother, but she did not know it, and before I could summon courage to tell her she married Pierre Frentin. Ah, that was long ago!" and Monsieur Paradol sighs.

I think it best not to ask more about

this, but inquire if Jeannette Lafranc knows of what has happened.

"But no, mademoiselle, although happened so near her. I am wretched when I think of her," he exclaims, coming back to the present moment. "Ah, good mademoiselle," he resumes, as a thought strikes him, "it is you who shall tell the sad news."

"I?" I exclaimed in dismay. The task is one that I would rather leave to another, but upon Monsieur Paradol's again soliciting me, I consent, and he drives over with me an hour later to the cottage of the "two wi dows.

Francoise meets us at the door, courtesying and smiling. Jeannette, she tells us, has gone out for a little walk, but will return soon. Thinking that Francoise could best break the news to her companion, I tell what has befallen Eustache, and she, though much overcome, promises to tell Jeannette as gently as she can.

But it is not from Francoise that Jeannette hears the srory, As we drive home by the cliff near the camp of the Romans we see Jeannette standing on the very edge, a rough looking fisherman near her, and both are looking down into the sea. "She knows already, I fear," I say to

Monsieur Paradol. Leaving our carriages, we go toward the two, and looking down, as they were doing, we are just in time to see three or four fishermen lifting the poor bruised body of Jeannette's lover from a hollow in the rocks, where a careless wave had tossed it. There are no tears in her eyes as she stands watching occasion he said: those below, but as they take up their dripping burden a sudden light comes into her beautiful, pale face, and she prings forward as if she would leap into the sea, which has proved so cruel to her and those she had loved. as her movement had been, the fisherman by her side has been quicker, and

his strong arm holds her back. Two days more, and Eustache's funeral is held at the church in Palais where he was to have been married. Every one in Palais knew the handsome Eustache Frentin, and the church is filled with sorrowing friends. The two ladies from Vannes are there closely veiled. Rollie and I are beside Monsieur Paradol and his sister; and just before us is Jeanette, weeping and supported by Francoise. The aged priest's voice trembles as he proceeds with the service, and the clear, sweet tones of the choir falter sometimes as

they utter their responses. That evening Rollie tells me that h has paid the priest to say masses fo poor Eustache for a month.

"Not that I believe in that sort of thing," he adds; "but if it will do the poor fellow any good, Aunt Sue-And I have not the heart to remove

strate. The next day but one we go to Auray, taking Jeanette with us. She can no longer bear to live near the sea, she tells us, and I think of finding a home for her with some friends in America. Francoise goes to live at Monsieur Paradol's and assist his sister in her house hold cares, and so the home of the "Two Widows" at Belteisle-en-Mer is left empty and desolate.

The following story is told of Judge Parsons, of Massachusetts: Being about to try a mercantile case, he ordered a jury to be summoned, and among the names was that of Mr. Thomas H. Perkins, a leading merchant of Boston, and a personal friend of Judge Parsons. When the officer made his returns he laid down a \$50 bill be

fore the judge. "What is that for?" said the judge to-day, and prefers to pay his fine. "Take that back to Mr. Perkins, said the judge, "and tell him to come at once; and if he refuses, bring him

by force. When Mr. Perkins appeared, th judge looked sternly at him and said: "What do you mean, sir, by sending money when you are summoned to sit on this jury?'

Mr. Perkins replied, "I meant no dis respect to the Court, your Honor; but was extremely busy fitting out a ship for the East Indies, and I thought if I paid my fine I would be excused. "Fitting out a ship for the East In-

dies, sir?" shouted the judge; "and how happens it you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies?" "Your Honor, I do not understand

"I repeat, then, my question; how have no ships. Take with the jury.

There's a widefidiffe

## Some Quick Replies.

Dr. B—, who was for many years associated with the University of Virinia, was noted for his quickness of retort, and some of his repartees, which are fading out of contemporary mem-

ory, are worthy of preservation. Once, many years ago, being on a visit to Washington, he thought he recog-nized a friend in the man who was im-

mediately before him. "How are you?" he said, clapping the supposed friend familiarly on the shoul

The stranger, turning stiffly, ans wered with some resentment:

"My name is Hull, sir." "I beg your pardon," said the profes or. "I was looking for the Colonel." On another occasion, as he was walk ing, looking intently in the street, a man coming in the opposite direction, and who was gazing with equal earnestness into a shop window, ran shoulder to shoulder against him. The stranger, drawing himself up with extreme hauteur, said:

"Why did you run against me?" With equal severity the professor inswered in exact imitation of the questioner's tone and manner:

"For precisely the same reason that you ran against me," and the encounter ended in a good-natured laugh. A gentleman, coming into his office

one day, said: "Doctor, why do you keep your room so hot? It is like an oven. "I must," he answered promptly, "for

it is here that I make my bread. Many years ago this incident was old in one of the magazines; but the point was somewhat missed, as the contributor or printer made it bake instead of make.

On a visit to a New York publishing house, against which he had a claim for six hundred dollars, he was ushered into an office where one of the firm sa on a high office stool, pompously shelling letters. The professor stood awaiting recognition; but no notice was taken of him. Finally, the small business man, twisting himself around on his perch, said, in the most supercilious of tones:

"That," said the professor, handing the order for the money.

The business was settled without mother word.

A very tiresome civil engineer had been vexing the righteous soul of one of the University professors, who, for a joke, and to rid himself of the nuisance, sent him to Dr. B- with his engineering schemes, as to a congenial and sympathetic soul. He therefore came with high hopes, and unfolded his schemes several times with weari some multiplicity of detail to the devoted professor, when the listener's impatience made itself felt. The engineer continued to say, "Just one moment Professor, one thing more." Finally his hearer's much-tried patience showed signs of utterly giving way, whereupon the patentee again said:

"I only want to show you one thing more, Professor. I have invented a short method of boring mountains, which I think will prove very valuable.

"My dear sir," burst forth the wear ied listener, "if you would only invent short method of boring individuals you would indeed confer a lasting benefit upon the race." The engineer de parted.

A would-be litterateur, who was the head of a large variety and notion business, was constantly annoying the doctor with his pretensions. On one

"Doctor, I have an idea"-' said the 'No, no, my dear H--doctor a little impatiently, "you are mistaken, you deal in notions, not in ideas."-Seribner's Monthly.

Flooring a Lawyer. Rufus Choate, in an important mar ine assault and battery at sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship "Challenge," on the stand and badgered him so for about an hour that at last Dick got his salt-water up and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries. At the beginning of the testimony Dick had said that the night was as "dark as the devil and raining like seven bells." "Was there a moon that night?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, yes! A night?" moon?" "Yes a full moon." "Did you see it?" "Not a mite." "Then ow did you know there was a moon? 'Nautical Almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world." "What was the principal luminary that night, sir?" "Binical ight on board the "Challenge." ou are growing sharp, Mr. Barton. What in blazes have you been grind me this hour for-to make me dull? Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator." "Sho! you're joking." "No sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me." "I shan't." "Ah you refuse to answer, do you?" "Yes—I can't." "Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper-ship and unable to answer so simple a question?" "Yes, it's the simplest question I was ever asked in Why, I thought that every fool of a lawyer knew there ain't no latitude on the equator!" That shot floored Rufus Choate.

## To Attain Long Life.

He who strives after a long and oleasant term of life must seek to atattain continual equanimity, and care fully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of "Mr. Perkins says he is very busy life than the violence of the emotion of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthies body; we know that fright and fear yes, excess of joy, become deadly They who are naturally cool and of quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impres sion, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances, counsels The Sanitarian, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfor tune, can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.—Scientific American.

An Italian bishop, while at a large dinner party, attempted to take a silver channg dish in his hands. It was it that you are able to fit out a ship for so hot that he put it down more rapidthe East Indies? If you do not know by than he intended, for the diverce was accompanied by expressions from the Athanasian creed. A guest instantered. If they were not you would be a forth his memorindum book have no ships. Take area.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

Wash Dolly up like That.

BY KLEANOR KIRK.

"I'll be the goodest little girl
That ever you did see,
If you'll let me take my dolly
To church with you and me.
It's too drefful bad to leave her
When we's all gone away;
Oh! Cosette will be so lonesome
To stay at home all day.

'Twas such a pleading pair of eyes,
And winsome little face.
That mamma couldn't well refus
Though church was not the place
For dolls or playthings, she well knew.
Still mamma's little maid
Was always so obedient
She didn't feel afraid.

No monse was ever half so still
As this sweet little lass,
Until the sermon was quite through—
Then this did come to pass;
A dozen babies (more or less),
Dressed in long robes of white,
Were brought before the altar rail—
A flash of heaven's own light.

Then Mabel stood upon the seat,
With doily held out straight,
And this is what the darling said:
"Oh! minister, please to wait,
And wash my dolly up like that—
Her name it is Cosette."
The minister smiled and bowed his head:
But mamma blushes yet.

# The Donkey's Lament.

'Oh, When I was a little ass, I frisked and frolicked on the grass; I'd nought to do, and naught to fear-But that was long ago, my dear. My master came one mournful day, And found me with my friends at play: 'It's time that you should work,' said he And there was no more fun for me."

Now to you or me this little sor would only have sounded exactly like the braying of a donkey, but a flock of geese, who were grazing near the singer, understood donkey language perfectly, and crowded around him to listen. The melody wound up suddenly and ceased as they approached.

"Isn't there any more?" said Mrs "Well, yes," answered the donkey "there's a great deal more, but it isn't

"Who makes it then?" asked the gander.

"Well," answered the donkey modesty, looking down at his hoofs, "I do; it s my own sad experience."

"Really, it isn't at all bad," said the gander; "I could detect very few faults in the metre; to be sure its a very easy metre.

"I was watching those young creatures in the field at play," went on the donkey, still looking down at his hoofs, and the sight recalled the days of my foalhood, and somehow, when much into moved, my thoughts are apt to flow into verse. "Do give us some more," said Mis

Molly Goosey; "I am sure there must be a little more, and it is so sweetly touching-what did your master de next?"

The donkey cleared his throat sev eral times, and then began again, stopping between the two verses to remark that the rope around his nose by which he was tethered made it very difficult to open his mouth wide enough.

"He tied me to a heavy cart.
And drazged my head to make me start,
And if I strove to bite or kick.
He banged about me with a stick.

Now, all along the stony roads, I stagger under heavy loads. And when I stop to paut and puff, He cannot scold at me enough."

At this point Miss Molly became s visibly affected that she was obliged to turn away and hide her head for a moment under her wing. "The cruel, vicked man!" she murmured. after a moment's pause, she added, "Isn't there any more?"

"Yes, there's a little more," answered the donkey, and he began again-"My master is a heartless flend.

And here he stopped. "That's all, he said; "I cannot think of a rhyme

for 'flend.' "Couldn't you make a new line alto gether there?" suggested Mrs. Goose. "Yes, I might do that, certainly," re plied the donkey; "but," he added, regretfully, "it's a very nice line.

" 'Beaned' might do," put in the gan der, "Beaned, you know-what do you say of a person who has eaten too many beans; it's not a common word, but that's an advantage, and it rhymes particularly well." "It might do, perhaps," said the don-

key, rather gloomily, "but, you see, I never was beaned." "Who composed the music?" asked Miss Molly.

The donkey bowed so low that there was no mistaking the authorship. "I suppose those very long ears are particularly good for music?" said Miss Molly.

have mentioned it, I think I may say without being accused of vanity, that believe they are." By this time the gander was becom-

"Well," answered the donkey, "as you

ing rather impatient of so many fine compliments.

"Well," he said, "you seem to have rather a turn for this sort of thing; it's a pity that you have to spend so much time drawing up water and fetching wood. If you had been able to take lessons in thorough-base, and study the standard poets, you really might have turned out something rather good. As it is, I wouldn't advise you to spend much time on it. Come along, my dear ladies." He marched on with his train, Miss Molly following reluctantly. Once she turned back, and threw a sympathizing glance at the poet, who was rolling on the grass, with sad eyes, and murmuring softly," Fiend! 'Fiend!' if I could only think of a good rhyme for fiend."—Golden Hours.

## Pinafore.

A pleasing anecdote anent modern

omenclature is related by the Norwich Bulletin. A Preston farmer drove in to Long Society recently, to deliver a load of hay to an old patron. On his arrival the customer was nowhere to be found, so the farmer asked his little son, who was playing on the premises: "Where is your father?" Gone to Pinafore," replied the lad. "Pinafore," repeated the agriculturist, as he stood meditatively looking upon the ground; "Pinafore! My boy, I am pretty well posted in the geography of hese parts, but that is a place I never heard of before. Is it down the Connecticut River?" The boy explained its relation to music, when the farmer gave his closing rejoinder. Well, I never was much t I tell ye what, bub, is named so sort of geo adays that one can't tween the title of a

### THE HOUSEHOLD.

Suggestions for the Sick-Room In preparing a meal for any on whose appetite is delicate, it should be made to look as tempting as possible The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass, and china should shine with cleanliness. There should not be too great a variety of viands, and but a very small portion of each one. Nothing more quickly disgusts a feeble appetite than quantity of food presented at one

The patient never should be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat or what he will drink. If he asks for anything, give it to him, with the doctor's permission; otherwise prepare something he is known to like and offer it without previous comment. One of the chief offices of a good nurse is to think for her patient. His slightest want should be anticipated and gratified before he has time to express it Quick observation will enable her to detect the first symptom of worry or excitement and to remoue the cause An invalid should never be teased with the exertion of making a decision. Whether the room is too hot or too cold; whether chicken broth, beef tea or gruel is best for his luncheon, and all similar matters, are questions which should be decided without appealing to him.

Household troubles should be kept as far as possible from the sick-room. Squabbles of children or servants never should find an echo there. In the event of some calamity occurring, of which it is absolutely necessary the sufferer should be informed, the ill news should be broken as gently as possible, and every soothing device employed to help him to bear the

shock Above all, an invalid, or even a per son apparently convalescent, should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquintance admitted for half an hour will undo the good done by a week of tender nursing. Whoever is the responsible person in charge should know how much her patient can bear, she should keep a careful watch on visitors of whose discretion she is not certain, and the moment she perceives it to be necessary, politely but firmly dis-

miss them. She must carry out implicitly the doctor's directions, particularly those regarding medicine and diet. Strict bedience to his orders, a faithful, diligent, painstaking following of his instructions will insure to the sufferer the best results from his skill, and bring order, method and regularity domestic nursing. Scribner's Monthly

#### Curiostties of Food.

Man has been wonderfully ingenious from his infancy in the concoction of edible varieties. Apart from baked human thighs in Fejee, and boiled fingers in Sumatra, there are certain culmary fashions still extant, which must e marvelously unintelligible to a conventionalized appetite. Not that it appears strange to eat ducks' tongues in China, kangaroos' tails in Australia, or the loose covering of the great elk's nose in New Brunswick. Not even that it is startling to see an Esquimaux eating his daily rations—twenty pounds in weight of flesh and oil—or a Yakut competing in voracity with a boa-constrictor; but who would relish a stew of red ants in Burmah, a half-hatched egg in China, monkey cutlets and parat pies in Rio Janeiro, and Malabar, or polecats and prairie wolves appear; or to keep it on short rations. in North America? Yet there can be little doubt that these are unwarrantable prejudices. Dr. Shaw enjoyed lion; and strong. Mr. Darwin had a passion for puma; Dr. Brooke makes affidavit that melted bear's grease is a most refreshing potion. And how can we disbelieve, after the testimony of Hippocrates, as to the flavor of boiled dog? If squirrels ly delay are edible in the East, and rats in the West Indies-if a sloth be good on the hand. Amazon, and elephants' paws in South Africa, why should we compassionate such races as have little beef or mutcare of. ton? For we may be quite sure that

# Black Pepper.

if, as Montesquieu affirms, there are

valid reasons for not eating pork, there

are reasons quite as unimpeachable for

eating giraffe, alpacha, mermaids' tails,

bustard and anaconda.—Athenœum,

Pepper grows upon a beautiful vine which twines around a pole prepared for it; or, more commonly, the vines are planted at the foot of a straight stemmed tree, whose trunk they embrace in elegant festoons. The leaf is large, resembling the ivy, and is of a bright green color. The small, whitishgreen blossoms appear in June, about at the commencement of the rains, and are followed by the pungent berries, which grow in long spikes like grape bunches, but each berry on its own stem like currants. The berries are from three to four months ripening. As soon as ripe they are gathered and spread upon cloths to dry, by which process they become the shriveled

black pepper of commerce. When the East India Company the monopoly of the pepper trade, the Sumatrans played a trick upon them which was ingenious enough for a Yan-Ree to perpetrate. They steeped the pepper-corns in water until the black coat burst off, and then dried them without it. The spice thus prepared was sold to the company as a different species at three times the cost of the black. The company having swallowed the story, made the buyers swallow it too, and we have ever since had a black and a white pepper from the same plant. The decortication of the black berry diminishes their pungency, hence the real value of the white pepper is less than that of the black; but presenting a more uniform appearance, it brings a higher price. Pepper is raised in Borneo, Java, Sumatra and the West Indies.—Germantown Telegraph.

To make tomato pickles, take the small-sized tomatoes wash thoroughly and dry; take a knitting-needle and chair can barely rest with safety; but pass it once or twice through each tomato; get a large jar and put in a whereon you may pile flowers; in one layer of salt on bottom, then layers of corner of which shall be ample room tomatoes and salt until the jar is full: let them remain for a week. To each the children to play upon, and with gallon of tomatoes take 4 ounces of room enough beside for your wife to ground mustard, 4 ounces of ground pepper, 1 ounce of cloves, and 12 mall onions which have been sliced. Take out tomatoes from jar, wipe them and replace again in the jar putting spent in restfulness and quiet upon in the above ingredients as layers of tomatoes are made, Heat vinegar al- children about you, will be a full commost to a boiling point and pour on the tomatoes. The tomatoes will keep their form and color

# THF FARM.

Object of Agricultural Fairs.

The near approach of the season of agricultural fairs renders the methods of conducting these Autumn festivals subjects of intense interest to the farming community Few will dispute that the main object of a farmers' fair should be its educational features, manifested especially in the exhibition of choice farm products, whether of cattle and sheep, grain and roots, fruit and flowers or agricultural implements and machinery. That exhibition which approaches nearest this standard will exert the most beneficial influence on its participants and upon its visitors. Agricultural fairs should cease to represent only museums of curiosi-ties, collections of monstrosities, or exceptional products. Neither should hese societies attempt to include within their encouragement articles foreign to the direct interests of the farm and the farmer.

From an impartial and unprejudiced standpoint the New York State Agricultural Society, in the management of its annual fairs, is without a peer on this continent, and furnishes a model well worthy the imitation of the nu-merous societies in other States. The New York society seems to be conducted in the interest of the practical farmer, and for the sole purpose of the advancement of the art of agriculture. Many other prominent societies are too often enlisted in the self-glorification of ambitious officials, in the promotion of pet and selfish schemes, and in the establishment of questionable prac-tices not calculated to promote true and progressive farming.

Gross abuses have gradually worked into the management of the average fair. The endorsement of this or that society is no longer accepted as a proof of superior merit in articles exhibited. The award of prizes is not always viewed as evidence of mature judgment, guided by worthy motive and honest criticism. The proceedings of many societies in this connection have fallen into disrepute. It is recorded in one of our exchanges, that at a leading fair last year a first prize was given to a sample of barley which was ridicu-lously white, the color having evidently been bleached out of it through the use of sulphur. Again, prizes have been awarded to roots that were industriously sand-papered, and made to present a preternaturally smooth appearance. In order to discourage the overfeeding of breeding animals for exhibition, the judges of the New York State Fair are instructed to make allowance, in all cases, for difference in condition, and are cautioned against being deceived thereby. Premiums are not to be awarded to stock simply gotten up for exhibition purposes, and devoid of natural and intrinsic merit. This same grand principle is earnestly offered to the consideration of the managers of agricultural fairs, in judging of the intrinsic merits of other offerings than cattle. It should embrace horses, sheep swine, poultry, as well as the cereal and vegetable department. Nothing should be esteemed worthy of a prize that does not illustrate some fact or method, or principle worthy of prominence, and calculated to forward the interests of remunerative agriculture. -American Cultivator.

## Farming That Don't Pay.

It don't pay to be caught, in the spring without a woodpile large enough to last twelve months; or to open the gates and let your stock into he helds as soon as a rew bare spot so that when it does go to grass it will take half the summer to get thrifty

It don't pay to leave the work of mending your tools and selecting and securing your seed until the day you want to use them, thereby causing cost-

It don't pay to sow or plant poor eed because you happen to have it on It don't pay to plant more ground

than you can manure and take good It don't pay to leave weak places in the fences in the hope that the cattle won't find them; and, if you keep sheep it don't pay to let them run at large in the spring until they become tramps

and cannot be kept home by any ordinary fence. It don't pay to neglect cows, ewes or

ows when they are dropping their young It don't pay to let the spring rains wash the value out of the manure that has accumulated in the barnyard this

winter. It don't pay to let the hens lay under he barn, steal their nests and be eaten up by skunks It don't pay to put off any kind of

spring work until the last moment,nor

does it pay to work land when it is too It don't pay to leave turnips, cabbages, beets, or even apples in the cellar to rot and breed disease; for if you have more than you can eat or sell, the stock will be profited by them.

It don't pay to summer a poor cow simply because no one comes to buy It don't pay to sell a heifer calf from your best cow to the butcher, simply because it will cost more to raise it than you can buy a scrub for next fall

It don't pay to leave the banking around the house until it rots the It don't pay to be stingy in sowing grass seed, or to try to live without a

garden. Finally, it don't pay to provoke the women by leaving them to cut the stove-wood or to carry it in from the door-yard or to remind you every morning in haying and hoeing that you must saw enough before you go to work to last through the day. - Mirror and Farmer.

American Cultivator: In repairing or improving the old house, be sure you provide a veranda. Not one of those little, narrow, useless things, which you can hardly turn round on without stepping off, and on which a a good, wide, roomy, cool veranda, for the hammock; big enough for all hold afternoon receptions, and for your neighbors to come over of an evening and talk about the weeds and such a veranda, with your wife and pensation for the hard work of the harvest field, under a midsummer